

NEWS O' THE NORTH

WELL, WELL...

MRS. WHITE, of the Hollow, Howden-le-Wear, Co. Durham, is never short of water, even when the mains have been turned off. For many years a small pipe leading to a small well in her dining-room has never ceased to flow with crystal-clear water. The health-giving properties in the water have caused her to be the envy of all her neighbours. In winter, when pipes are frozen, she supplies the village.

Always at the same level, the surplus water runs away into a small stream at the other side of the house. The source of the supply is a mystery, for it has never stopped flowing.

Totally blind since birth, 34-year-old John Irwin, of Castle Farm, Backworth, Northumberland, is still working hard on the land. A few days ago he was ploughing in the potatoes with a horse team. The same evening he was giving the village lads a game of darts at the local. His singing is still entertaining the boys and girls of the Services at the local welfare clubs. The milk round every morning still continues, and with his steady walk he can be seen pulling his barrow with the confidence of a sighted man. Good work, John!

LEFT... LEFT... LEFT...

At a Gateshead-on-Tyne boot factory hundreds of thousands of boots used in the Services, and now discarded as useless, are being repaired for pitmen, shipyard workers, and men on the land.

The funny thing is, from one bundle alone they have 7,000 LEFT boots over, because the right is no good for repair. We always thought the Sergeant-Major said "Left!!! Left!!! Left!!!"

Mrs. Percy White, of Spelvit Lane, Morpeth, Northumberland, caused quite a stir in the town recently by wearing a coat of many colours, consisting of patches of cloth.

She had done it very neatly with 154 pieces of material from a tailor's pattern book, which had been hidden away in an attic since the last war. The finished article is of exceptionally fine workmanship. The work for charity with her needles is growing tremendously, because everything she does is for that purpose.

MUSSO DO'N LIKA DA BELLS

IS it not somewhat significant that just when Mussolini is suggesting that the church bells of Italy be taken down and scrapped for munitions, the church bells of Britain have been given official sanction to ring out again?

Who started the idea of

churches having bells, anyway? Nobody knows. But it is a fact that the bells of cathedrals and churches have, throughout the generations, been held in special regard, not to say reverence. And the best bells in the world have been made, and still are being made, in England. And that goes for ships' bells, too.

About two centuries ago the secret of tuning bells in a carillon was lost. It had been kept by bell-makers for 400 years; but the secret has been rediscovered by English makers. Down in the famous Croydon Bell Foundry the head of the firm used to do all the tuning himself. English bells are to be heard in almost every part of the world.

After the 1914-1918 war, the National Victory Memorial Tower, in Ottawa, was planned to have a carillon of 53 bells. They came from England.

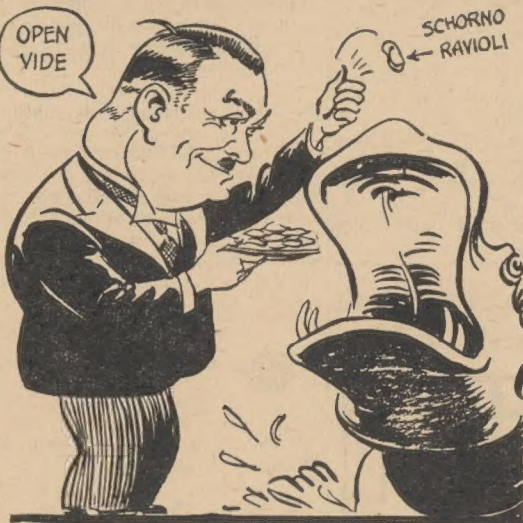
Then New York got uppish and wanted a greater carillon for Park Avenue Baptist Church. They planned for one of 57 bells. This is the church where the Rockefellers worship, so the carillon had to be good. And the order for the bells came to England. The sound of these bells covers five chromatic octaves, almost the range of an organ.

All over the Globe

We have sent bells to Holland (home of the carillon), all over Europe, to Lima, Peru, to Salvador, Central America, to India, South Africa, Morocco, Palestine, the Malay States, and elsewhere.

Some of these bells are mighty big, but bigness doesn't always count for everything. The largest bell in the Rockefeller church weighs 20 tons. But the largest ringing bell was made in Moscow. It weighed 128 tons. They made a bigger one in Moscow—198 tons—but it was a freak. It was fractured in a fire and a chunk fell out of its side. It was never used as a bell.

The most famous bell in the world, however, is our own Big Ben. Some people think the clock is called Big Ben, but it isn't the clock, but the bell that strikes the hours. It is thirteen tons in weight. And it is cracked. The crack was dis-



ALLIGATOR ON THE MENU

Mr. Auguste Schorno—Zoo Caterer

Members of the London Zoological Society, with the official medical man and their own pathologist and dentist, sometime ago formed what is now known as the Exotic Luncheon Club.

They discovered that bear steaks were far ahead of the primest Scotch bullock, that giraffe was a nice change just once in a while, alligator resembled veal so closely that one or two guests thought it was veal.

It was Tough

Ostrich was eatable, but the particular specimen served up for their delectation had exceeded by far the allotted span and refused to yield to their stainless steel cutlery.

Parrots, they decided, should definitely be taken young, that is to say, before they reach the century, otherwise they are uneconomical on account of the fuel used for days of casing-rolling.

Prairie marmots, those delightful little rodents who give a shrill warning whistle to their mates at the approach of a stranger, outdo their rabbit cousins on the menu, and rattlesnakes may be enjoyed by the epicurean who has no psychological antipathies to overcome.

Only animals that for some reason have to be disposed of, or those which have befallen an accident or perished in combat, find their way to the table, and animals are not sacrificed at the Zoo to gratify the experimental palates of these strange gourmets.

Mr. Schorno, the catering manager, is rightly proud of the fact that the Zoo Restaurant vies with any other in the Metropolis for the dish "par excellence," and he gives his assurance that no practical jokes are played on the ordinary patrons of the Zoo Restaurant.

Diet Explorers

The club members are voluntary explorers of the edible qualities of things that crawl, creep, wriggle, run and fly.

By RONALD RICHARDS

Nothing that has died of disease has yet tempted these adventurers—probably it is as well that a surgeon for animals is among their number—but it is recorded in the Zoo annals that Frank Buckland, a famous Zoo veterinary of the Victorian era, went much farther into the domain of animal edibility than these modern Knights of the Knife.

He exhibited a remarkable nonchalance with regard to the cause of death of many animals he ate, and he lived to a ripe age. Buckland's diary records many weird dishes, commencing at Rugby, where, when a schoolboy, he roasted field mice and hedgehogs for his own consumption.

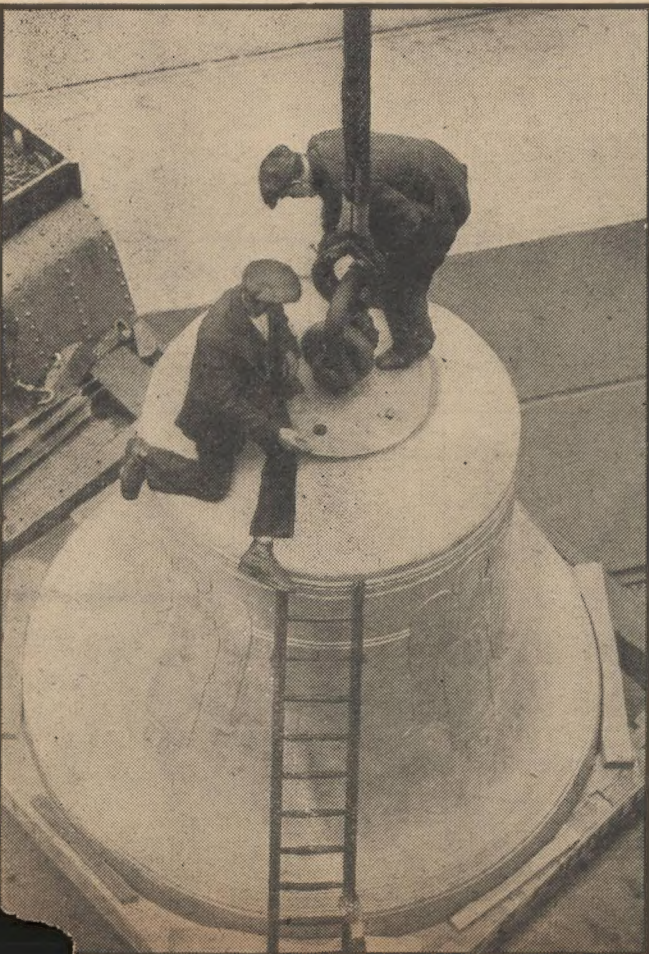
He went so far as to have a panther disinterred and served for dinner after the animal had lain buried for seven days, and he was enthusiastic about the table qualities of a giraffe that had suffered death in a Giraffe House fire.

Mystery Dishes

This experimental zeal appears to some extent hereditary, as his father, the famous Dean Buckland, frequently gave luncheon parties where his guests were regaled with tortoises, frogs, rats, snails and, on one occasion, potted ostrich.

He records, as the founder of the Acclimatisation Society, that, at some of these fantastic banquets, the guests' nerves were known to fail them, and dishes were known to have been removed untouched. He himself, however, never quailed, and there is no record of any untoward effect upon his interior.

There is still a wide field open to the bold seeker of unexplored culinary joys if only he will venture, and what better time than now, when the "prime English" for which we queue to-day, eats like a crepe sole?



covered one day long ago, but instead of taking Ben down, the bell-makers just turned him round so that the hammer strikes the other side.

Our Ben

How did Big Ben get his name? Just the English way. The present one is the second of that name. The first was cracked before it was hung. It was christened St. Stephen at first, but when the bell question was raised in the House of Commons, one Member said, "Why not call it Big Ben?"

Big, bluff Sir Benjamin Hall, who was then Commissioner of Works, was often called "Big Ben" by his friends. The bell has been known by that name ever since.

The first bellfounders in this country were monks. They believed that bells had the power to drive away evil spirits; and ships were given bells originally, it is said, for that reason. Not that you need believe that.

Still, the Italian Navy is said to support el Duce in detestation of bells. When it hears a British warship's bell on a dark night the Italian Navy races for its home port, exclaiming as it goes, "Hell's bells!" And that is why Mussolini did not say recently, "I no lika da bells. Dey giva me da bell-i-ache."

"The American nation in the Sixth Ward is a fine people," he says. "They love th' eagle," he says, "on th' back iv a dollar." F. P. Dunne, in "Mr. Dooley."



Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—7

1.—The letters of the word PRESBYTERIAN can be rearranged to make the opposite anagram, BEST IN PRAYER. What can you make of the letters in the word SURGEON?

2.—Which of the following words are mis-spelt? Occasion, Tetrahedron, Azimuth, Miscellaneous.

3.—Change the word TREE into WOOD, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration. Change in the same way: EEL into PIE; PEN into INK; ONE into TEN.

4.—Each of the following combinations of letters, when correctly arranged, represents a vegetable. What are they? TREAKHOIC, COBLOCIR, PRIUNT, PEYRALS.

Answers to Wangling Words—6

1.—That, that is, is; that, that is not, is not; but that, that is not, is not that that is; nor is that, that is, that that is not.

2.—Caoutchouc, Cemetery, Pronunciation.

3.—LATE, LAKE, HAKE, HALE, HALL, TALL, TELL, BELL, BELT, BENT, TEACH, PEACH, PEACE, PLACE, PLANE, PLANT, SLANT, SCANT, SCANS, SPANS, SPINS, PILED, PILES, POLES, DOLES, DOLTS, COLTS, COLDS, CORDS, CARDS, WARDS, WARTS, PARTS, BRIDE, BRINE, BRINK, BRICK, TRICK, TRICE, TRACE, BRACE.

4.—Llama, opossum, tapir, weasel, zebra, hippopotamus, leopard, dolphin.

ANY IDEAS

for quizzes, jokes, puzzles or sketches? WRITE TO US—ADDRESS ON BACK PAGE.

How to Write Verse—1

By LOUIS MacNEICE

THERE is not nowadays much commercial stimulus for the verse-writer—unless you have the knack of writing light "lyrics" for a jazz setting. Verse written to be merely read or spoken may bring you in a few pounds for drinks or cigarettes, but it will not raise you into a higher income-group.

I shall therefore treat of the writing of verse as a hobby—a very natural and inexpensive hobby, which can be practised anywhere in a man's spare time.

I say "very natural," because the instinct for arranging words in patterns is not only the beginning of all literature, but is almost universal in the nurseries of every country. And verse has at least the advantage of being more MEMORABLE than prose; witness the Limerick.

In following articles I shall use the word "verse" and not "poetry," which has all sorts of additional implications—some of them embarrassing. Verse is a valid and virile and useful medium for any man who has a mind of his own. For verse, as distinguished from prose, is nothing more than this: Patterned language where pattern itself—the rhythm, rhyme, etc.—is expected not only to enhance what is said, but to be in itself pleasant or at least striking.

Before discussing the forms

THE next day it was eight o'clock when I returned to the saloon. I looked at the manometer. It showed me that the Nautilus was floating on the surface of the ocean. I heard, besides, a noise of footsteps on the platform. However, no rolling betrayed to me the undulation of the upper waves.

I went up as far as the panel. It was open. But instead of the broad daylight I expected I was surrounded by profound darkness. Where were we? Had I made a mistake? Was it still night? No—there was not a star shining, and no night is so absolutely dark.

I did not know what to think when a voice said to me—

"Is that you, professor?"

"Ah, Captain Nemo," I answered; "where are we?"

"Under the ground, professor."

"Underground!" I cried, "and the Nautilus still floating?"

"Yes; it floats still."

"But I do not understand."

"Wait a few minutes. Our lantern is going to be lighted, and if you want a light on the subject you will soon be satisfied."

I set foot on the platform and waited. The darkness was so complete that I did not even see Captain Nemo. However, in looking at the zenith exactly above my head, I thought I could perceive a vague light—a sort of twilight—that filled a circular hole. At that moment the lantern was suddenly lighted, and its brilliancy made the vague light vanish.

I looked after having closed my eyes for an instant, dazzled by the electric flame. The Nautilus was stationary, near a bank something like a quay. The sea on which it was riding was a lake imprisoned in a circle of walls which measured two miles in diameter, or six miles round. Its level—the manometer indicated it—could only be the same as the exterior level, for a communication naturally existed between this lake and the sea. The high walls, inclined at the base, were rounded like a vault, and made a vast

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

tundish upside down, the height of which was about 1,200 feet. At the summit was a circular orifice through which I had seen the vague light evidently made by daylight.

Before examining the interior dispositions of this enormous cavern more attentively, before asking myself if it was the work of man or Nature, I went up to Captain Nemo.

"Where are we?" I said.

"In the very heart of an extinct volcano," he answered, "a volcano the interior of which has been invaded by the sea after some convulsion of the ground. Whilst you were asleep, professor, the Nautilus penetrated into this

covered it by accident, and accident has done me a good service."

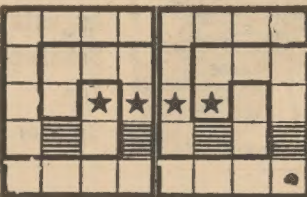
"But could not some one descend by the orifice that forms the crater of the volcano?"

"Not more than I could go up through it. For about a hundred feet the base of the mountain is practicable, but above the sides overhang and could not be climbed."

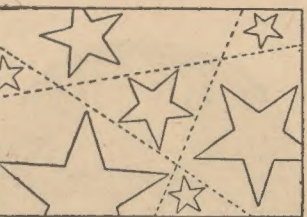
"I see, captain, that Nature serves you everywhere and always. You are in safety on this lake, and no one but you can visit its waters. But what do you want with such a refuge? The Nautilus needs no port?"

"No, professor, but it needs electricity, the elements to produce electricity, sodium to feed these elements, coal to make its sodium, and coalfields to extract the coal. Now here it happens that the sea covers entire forests that were buried in geological epochs; now mineralised and formed into coal they are an inexhaustible mine to me."

Solution to Yesterday's Puzzles



Divide the Squares



Separate the Stars

lagoon by a natural channel opened at a depth of five fathoms below the surface of the ocean. This is its port, a sure, convenient, and mysterious port, sheltered from all the winds of heaven. Find me on the coasts of your continents or islands a roadstead that equals this assured refuge against the fury of tempests."

"You certainly are in safety here, Captain Nemo. Who could get at you in the heart of a volcano? But did I not perceive an aperture at its summit?"

"Yes, a crater, a crater formerly filled with lava, smoke, and flames, which now gives entrance to the life-giving air we are breathing."

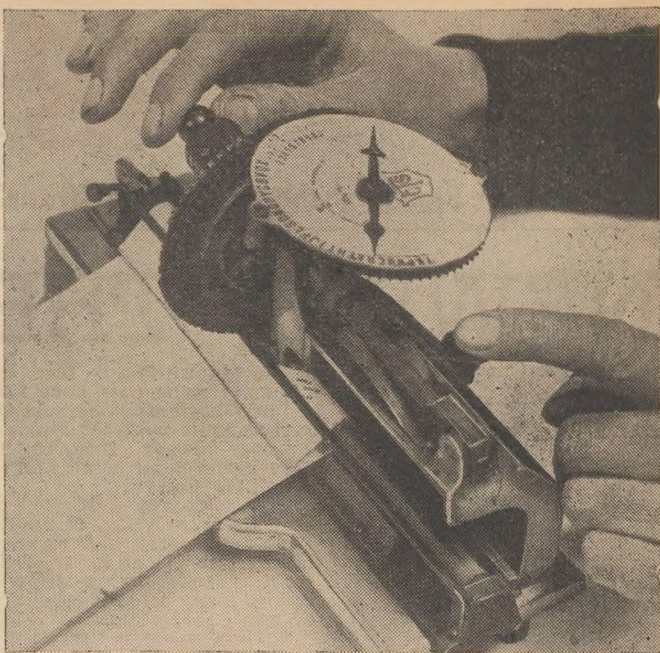
"But what volcanic mountain is this, then?"

"It belongs to one of the numerous islets with which this sea is strewn. A simple rock for ships, for us an immense cavern. I dis-

JANE



From "Good Morning" Museum GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—2



THE girl friend is a business woman. She types the letters and keeps the accounts for a City firm. Actually she is working a bit late, she tells him, but she thinks she can get through in time to meet him.

(The typewriter is an 1884 model. Turning the further knob, one brings the letter indicated by the pointer to its position over the paper).

the base of the slopes formed an irregular soil, on which lay, in picturesque heaps, volcanic blocks and enormous pieces of pumice-stone. All these disintegrated masses, covered under the action of subterranean fires with polished enamel, shone in the lantern's electric flames. The micaceous dust of the shore that rose under our footsteps flew up like a cloud of sparks.

The ground gradually rose from the water, and we soon reached long and sinuous slopes, veritable ascents that allowed us to climb by degrees, but we were obliged to walk prudently amongst the conglomerates that no cement joined together, and our feet slipped on the glassy trachyte formed of crystal, felspar, and quartz.

(Continued in No. 37)

QUIZ for today

1. What great men were known as (a) The Shirra, (b) The Sage of Concord?
2. What is a corroborator?
3. How did the Royal Scots Greys get their name?
4. What is the meaning of the word "quarantine"?
5. Where is Thomas Hardy buried?
6. What are the meanings of the words (a) sericulture, (b) etiolated?
7. When and where was the first automatic telephone exchange opened in Britain?
8. Did Julius Caesar ever play cricket?
9. At which of the Poles are Polar bears found?
10. Who was made famous as the Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo?
11. What was Joseph Conrad's real name?
12. What Emperor was once a London Special Constable?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

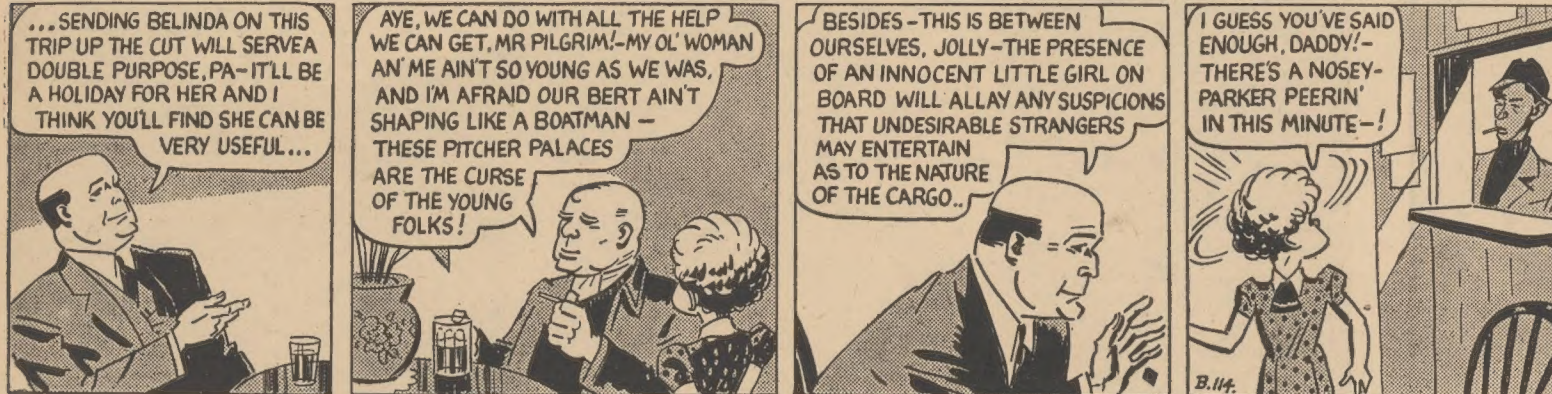
1. The Pharos of Alexandria, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, the Pyramids, the tomb of Mausolus, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the statue of Jupiter at Olympia.
2. 4ft. 8in.
3. A character in Dickens' "Pickwick Papers."
4. Ten.
5. (a) British general: Crown over star over crossed baton and sword. (b) U.S. general: Four stars.
6. Sixty miles per hour.
7. 8 stone.
8. 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons (six thousand trillion tons).
9. At Montt, South America. It is 15,817 feet high.
10. The Spanish mile of 5,028 yards.
11. The South Pole.
12. The offspring of a tiger and a lioness.

It is always good when a man has two irons in the fire.
Francis Beaumont
(1586-1616).

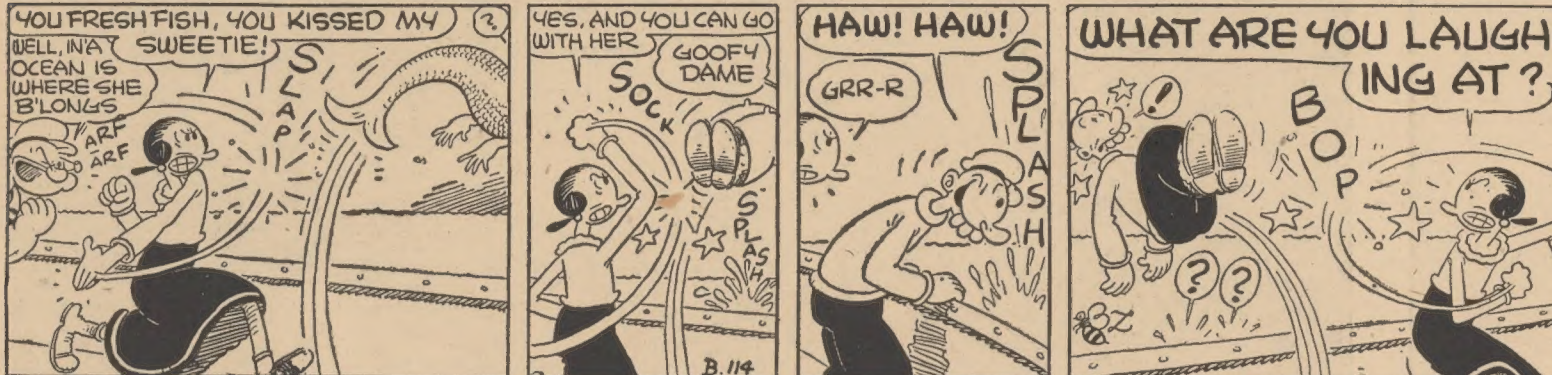
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



They say—What do you say?

POST-WAR CAREER?

THE shepherd, an archetype of English countryman, is disappearing off the downs. I cannot believe that, given the chance, many a schoolboy today (possibly out of the towns) would not find the shepherd's calling full of fascination and reward, if its importance could be put to him with force and imagination.

Rolf Gardiner (Shaftesbury).

VITAL CHANGE.

IF we could get rid of selfishness as individuals and as families and classes of society, we should take away nearly all the things that spoil life.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

"TIN-OPENER" COOKING.

MUCH as we may deplore the affection for the fried-fish shop, it is the restaurant of the poor, without which some families would never get a cooked

meal. We may deplore the dictatorship of the tin-opener, but there is no alternative until people are provided with dwellings in which there are adequate cooking arrangements and storage for food. If the nutritional needs of the people are not to suffer, communal feeding must become a permanent feature of post-war life.

Lord Latham.

ALL-ROUND ADVANCE.

THE history of civilisation shows that the creation of economic conditions under which those who have little or nothing can improve their lot is not a dividing process but a multiplying one, by which the well-being of all society is advanced.

Wendell Wilkie.

CLOTHING COUPONS.

NO married man has ever seen a clothing coupon.

Sir Herbert Williams, M.P.

Figure These Out

If you multiply a number of ones by a number of ones, all sorts of odd things happen, and the answers often read the same backwards and forwards.

Take the simplest case, and multiply 11 by 11; the answer is 121. Multiply that by 11, and you get 1331. Multiply that by 11, and you get 14641.

Now try multiplying 111,111,111 by 111,111,111. The answer is 12345678987654321.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

which reads the same both ways.

It may take you rather longer to multiply together all the figures round a clock face—1 × 2 × 3 × 4 . . . etc.—though there are only 12 of them. (But before you do it, have a guess at the answer. You will be surprised.)

And what do you make of the magic number 37? The following odd series does not break down till the multiplier exceeds 30:—

$$\begin{aligned} 37 \times 3 &= 111 \\ 37 \times 6 &= 222 \\ 37 \times 9 &= 333 \\ 37 \times 12 &= 444 \\ &\text{etc., etc.} \end{aligned}$$

Figures are revealing things. Write down your age doubled. Add 5, multiply the result by 50. Subtract the number of days in the year. Add the number of coins in your pocket. Also add 115. Believe it or not, the result will be four figures, of which the first two show your age, and the last two the number of coins in your pocket!

Take a Tip

BOXING

By
LEN
HARVEY
No. 3



IN boxing, the exchange of blows is so rapid that to the spectator it must often seem largely a matter of luck which of the two lands the damaging blow.

But it is neither luck nor instinct. Choice of blow is decided in the split second available; at the same time experience and practice tend to make the choice automatic. For example, in defence there are several ways of dealing with the straight left. Purely as a parry, the blow can be deflected by pushing your opponent's arm away with your right hand. Note: Do not attempt to push his glove.

Naturally, you will also be swaying away from the punch, but a push on the arm, which needs exact timing, tends to shove your man off his balance and to lay him open to a left hook to the body.

Ducking and swaying under the punch with both hands free and close will give you an excellent opening for close-quarter body-hooking, especially if your opponent is tall and has an open style.

But remember that as your aim is always to turn defence into attack, you must never retreat as you parry or avoid the blow; otherwise you will be out of distance. Of course, there will be times, many times, when you will merely let a blow pass by, but whenever possible you should keep after your man.

I have recently retired from the ring after a career twice as long as the average professional boxer. I have had some 400 fights. Yet I have not facial or other disfigurement—no cauliflower ear, no flattened nose. On the other hand, I am extremely fit; I am strong and healthy.

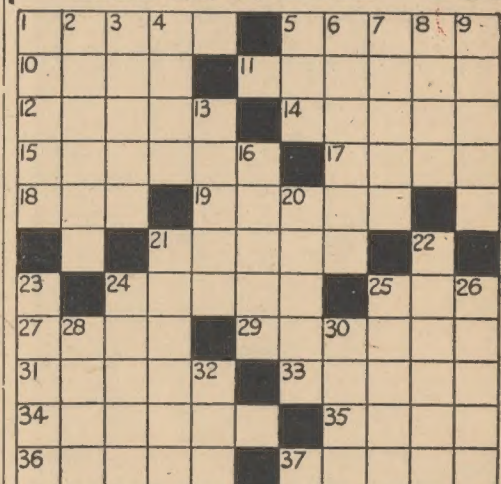
This is partly because I have regarded the game as a science and have studied training methods, diet, the value of sleep, physiology.

But it is also because I have used my brains in the ring. I am a firm believer in looking my opponent squarely in the eyes all the time. I try to read his thoughts, to divine his intentions, to learn what he fears. Furthermore, I do not believe in taking useless chances. I box my man.

I suppose I can claim to have met every type of fighter of the highest quality. If my opponent is adept at body punching, then I decide to be the one to get inside, in clinches. If he is possessor of a heavy right, I am particularly careful to bury my chin in my shoulder.

But you can take it from me that, however they come, tall or short, fast or heavy in the punch, they can all be beaten by sound boxing. Summed up, good boxing consists of these factors: Physical fitness, correct balance and footwork, straight hitting, and hitting with the knuckle.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Odd job.
- 5 Makes jokes.
- 10 Rodent.
- 11 Sociable.
- 12 Fix firmly.
- 14 Dance.
- 15 Sharply pointed.
- 17 Are obliged to.
- 18 Put.
- 19 Acid fruits.
- 21 Find fault.
- 24 Theatre room.
- 25 Chatter.
- 27 Bluish stone.
- 29 Geological layers.
- 31 Soothes.
- 33 Stops.
- 34 Retracted.
- 35 Edible fish.
- 36 Severe.
- 37 Higher.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

FEAT CAROLS
RECOVER PIE
ALUM ATTUNE
C MEWS ASKS
ACE REAM M
SINGE NEVER
T ONCE ONE
GALA AWAY E
EDITOR BAWL
MEN REFUGEE
SLOPED TEND

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Indoor game.
- 2 Impede.
- 3 Eye-socket.
- 4 Smoke.
- 5 Black lignite.
- 6 Complexion veneer.
- 7 Bone cavity.
- 8 Stock phrases.
- 9 Laziness.
- 13 Hinder.
- 16 Plunges.
- 20 Merriment.
- 21 Grab hold of.
- 22 Farm animals.
- 23 Big pill.
- 24 Spurious.
- 25 Lively dance.
- 26 More ignoble.
- 28 Flat boat.
- 30 Grate on.
- 32 Transgress.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

TALL-BOY !

300 feet high, 30 feet in circumference, and the "high-rigger" sits atop of this British Columbia giant.

"She flies thro' the air. . ."



Now, don't get confused, you chaps. When you're told you are for the "High-jump," it doesn't mean this sort of thing. Between ourselves, though, you can enjoy even this sort of thing when next on leave. Valerie is still doing her stuff at the Windmill, you know.

WHAT! ANOTHER CUP, NOBBY?



Well, some of you chaps are going to see yourselves as others should see you. So we think we can very appropriately pipe-down, while you pass your own comment. We might say he's a thirsty old So-and-so, but perhaps he's earned it!

Don't forget the ship's Cat's Kitty. Tell us what you need in the way of games, books and recreation generally. Address at top.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"There'll be a hell of a bump when she lands!"

